

HOLLYWOOD DAY.

THE MEMORIAL OBSERVANCES.

Reinforcement of Bodies from Seven Pines—Military Display—Address by Rev. Mr. Landrum—Incidents.

Hollywood grows and grows in beauty, and sinks deeper and deeper in the affection of the people as they see friend after friend drop from the ranks of busy life, disappear from the streets, and join the great multitude who there rest under the shade of the trees.

Never did the cemetery look sweeter than yesterday. Recent rains had dissolved the dust, and brought forth all growing things. Hollies, oaks, magnolias, elms, poplars, pines—all were in the royalist liver of spring—while the roses and honeysuckles perfumed the breezes from the river, and the grassy carpet gave elasticity to the step of him who wandered where the wind blows, and the sun shines, and the graves of soldiers were thickest. Over all was great calm, great peace, broken only by the notes of the red bird, the chirp of the sparrow, or the roar of the river, beating its way over the rocks to find oblivion in the sea.

TO THINK OF IT—more than 25,000 persons—nearly half of them soldiers and young men, here in their mortal parts await the general resurrection. Here we all have loved ones; here are faces that it would be worth millions to see in life; here, stifled voices, the sound of which would be so comforting to the heart.

It is a strange thing, here in the cemetery, to see the soldiers in companies only, but in battalions, in regiments, and in brigades. Here are the bloody fields of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Savage's Station, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and many other fields where Confederate valor illumined the pages of history.

WAR'S RUDE FOOTSTEPS.

Looking over the ground you can see the war mapped out. The earliest dead were buried in the cemetery proper. Here is the bed of a South Carolina boy of sixteen. He came with his father to Virginia, and his father laid his hand upon him, and he was removed from camp into the house of some city friend. No doubt his mother was sent for, and maybe he died in her arms. He was buried by loving hands. He had a sword, and a pocket-book, and a marble stone, and a beautiful inscription. Roses bloom about his grave.

He died before the war had really commenced, and of such graves there are several dozen.

FILLING THE FIELD.

After Seven Pines—that bloody fight which laid the bodies of our soldiers and the Confederate Government what war was—they filled up all the space and crossed over the fence (now removed), and began to bury in "the soldiers' section."

This was still in the early days of the war (June, 1862), and there are many graves opening and closing, and the wood, saying, "Died of wounds received at Seven Pines." Hundreds of these breathe their last in Richmond houses. The Confederacy had previously not known what war was. The hospital accommodations were insufficient, and the wounded lay in the streets until citizens would take them to their homes.

IN THOSE DAYS nearly every residence became a hospital; every lady a nurse.

THE EARLY DEAD.

These heroic soldiers died ere their uniforms had become soiled with weary months spent in trenches; they died ere they had seen the smoke of battle; they died ere they had seen the blood of the Confederacy were high and ere their loyal hearts had been chilled by the sight of Grant's inexorable circle closing in upon the defenders of Richmond and Petersburg.

Further on in the grounds come the thickly-strewn graves, tenanted by those who were fatally wounded in the Seven Days' Battles, and here and there head-pieces tell the mournful story. The war was not yet old. There was still marble to be had; still workmen to cut it.

THE MANY DEAD.

But as time went on the graves thickened in the field of Hollywood. The vast hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers had been put on Chimborazo Hill; at Howard's Grove in the eastern part of the city, and at camps Winder and Jackson in the western. Deaths were sadly numerous. Oakwood received 16,000 bodies; Hollywood 12,000. No fire, or drum, or funeral song followed the poor pile of coffin. A covered wagon took the body from the hospital; laborers conveyed it to the earth. No head-board was put up.

Ab! those were hard times. Our army was opposing "overwhelming resources." No longer could we deliver such fierce blows as swept the army of McClellan from the front of Richmond. Deaths were steady; recruits were few. Where we gained one man we lost ten.

Everybody became hardened to suffering.

SPECTRE OF STARVATION.

Earlier in the war a wounded or sick man could be sent home and sent home with the reverses of the Confederacy had cut thousands of the soldiers off from their places of residence. So they had to stay here and receive such attention as the hospitals of this beleaguered city could provide.

Many ladies visited and nursed the men in the hospitals; but others who would have cheerfully done so were chained down at home fighting the spectre of starvation, which more and more plainly appeared as the State after State was lost to the Confederacy, as raiders swept with wreck and ruin valleys from which should have come our bread and meat.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

Happiest were the soldiers who fell earliest. They were carefully nursed and cheerfully mourned. They perished amid the glory of war. When the war was directed their sick and wounded to Hollywood, the dead were buried in the cemetery, and the living were sent to the front.

They were tended as well as circumstances permitted; but their lines had not fallen in pleasant places. They were buried with little ceremony into humble graves. Their graves were then marked by the Hollywood Memorial Association. Trees, shrubs, and climbing vines were planted. A register of the names of the dead was printed and the graves numbered to correspond with it. The monument was raised to the memory of the dead from Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, Fort Harrison, Seven Pines, and other fields where Confederate valor illumined the pages of history.

So at least once a year memory turned back to these dear dead; to these patriot boys who, forsaking all, went forth to endure the privations of bivouac and march, to bear hunger and disease and bullets, for the maintenance of a cause they loved, for the maintenance of a cause they loved, for the maintenance of a cause they loved.

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in (in nearly all of which soldiers are buried) the floral designs were elegant and costly. Nearly all had received some attention. On the humble resting-place of each soldier a bunch of flowers, a wreath, or some floral design had been placed.

THE STREET-CARS.

The number of visitors to Hollywood was very large. It was one of the biggest turns-out of recent years; but the people generally only went to the cemetery a little in advance of the military and left when the ceremonies were over. For several years immediately after the war hundreds spent the whole day and thousands spent the whole afternoon there.

The street-cars could have reaped a richer harvest yesterday had they been running to Hollywood. There were many strangers present, who were astonished that no line of street-cars reached the place. In this respect we are worse off than we were fifteen years ago. Then the cars ran to the western gate of the cemetery. Subsequently they ran to a point within two squares of the eastern gate. Now they go no nearer than Main street.

THE MILITARY.

The parade was the prettiest we have had for years. The veterans and military bands made a nice display. The line was formed at the Army in the following order:

Mounted Police.  
Lee Camp, C. V., and Phil Kearney Post, G. A. R., together in fours.  
The Car-Accountants' Association, by invitation.

Band of Music.  
The Richmond Howitzer Company—dismounted.  
R. L. I. Blues, with drum corps and fife.

Members of the Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association.

The last took their place in the procession at the corner of Franklin and Second streets.

The procession entered the cemetery at the main entrance and immediately marched to Gettysburg Hill (except the cavalry, who remained in line outside the main gate), where the speakers' stand had been erected, and about which the veterans and military were drawn up in line. A report of a horse about the stand.

It put the people off at such a distance that they finally, and pardonably, broke it down and got within hearing distance.

A BOY'S GRAVE.

The Confederate soldiers whose bodies (about thirty in number) were recently taken up from Seven Pines battle-field had been buried near the north gate beside their comrades. The bodies were buried last year, and not far from the grave of General Pickett. The spot was marked by a Confederate battle-flag flying from a staff some fifteen feet high. A placard on the staff said that the flag (which was silk) was presented to Company D, Fifth Virginia regiment, by Captain L. H. Dance, and was borne by the company at the burning of Hampton.

In the Seven-Pines group of graves was a neatly-tended mound of about four feet long. Beneath it was buried a boy found at Seven Pines. A rifle-shot had struck him in the breast, and he died in a few minutes. In his pocket was found a knife, a pocket-book, and a marble. In the pocket-book was a five-cent piece. There was a whole volume of pathetic interest. It is thought the little fellow was a drummer. His name and history are unknown.

These Seven-Pines graves were by the fence on the north side of the cemetery (Gettysburg Hill), but for convenience sake the speakers' stand was placed 100 feet nearer the monument.

The Address.

About half-past 5 o'clock Rev. Mr. Landrum, pastor of the Second Baptist church, read the opening hymn:

Asleep in Jesus' peaceful sleep,  
From which no power can ever keep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the hand of death.

This popular favorite in the hymnology of the comfort of many bereaved homes—was sung by Captain F. W. Cunningham, Mr. W. H. Grant, and a choir of other young men gotten up at short notice out of the companies.

The singing was accompanied by cornet and other pieces from the band.

Then Mr. Landrum read Scriptures appropriate to such occasion, and said:

Few and simple are the words required of me during this brief but significant service. Here in this beautiful city of the dead, fragrant with the breath of spring flowers, the beauty and the chivalry of the old Confederate capital meet to hallow the dust of departed heroes. It is a holy hour. The heavens arch themselves brightly above our heads. Speech may be severer, but silence is gold. We come to remember, with the officers of religion and with communities of pious pilgrims, under the shadow of this commemorative pyramid, all that is mortal of those who immortalized themselves, their name and fame and country.

In his hour of death, our countryman, twenty years, nearly, have elapsed since they moved with incense-flecked banners amid the lurid flames of battle—calm in the rectitude of their cause, in the grandeur and genius of their commander, and in the devotion of their countrymen.

They were defeated. And is defeat a crime? Then it is a crime which sinks Napoleon below Wellington, Lee below Washington, and Emmet below Tell. They tell us these men are dead. Some would have us believe that they are ghosts, memory hovering over our pathetic dust. But are they dead? Though there has vanished forever the flash which lit up their faces in the onset and struck terror to the heart of the foe; though their lips are silent, their throbbing hearts smoothed and stilled by the peaceful slumber of death, imperishable spirit rekindles the land which gave them birth. They live. How can those perish from the earth whose memory pulses high in the faithful breasts of seven millions of adoring compatriots; whose illustrious example stimulates the patriotic and heroic tendencies of the sons and reproduces its potency in the admirable fortitude of their daughters; whose unsullied and puissant daring excited while they lived, and will fascinate and glorify for all ages the admiration of the civilized world? Their memory has been swallowed up in terrestrial immortality.

We live in a new South. Changes have taken place since these warriors laid themselves upon the altar of their country for service or for sacrifice. What changes, social, political, and moral, and what sweeping, revolutionary changes—changes unprecedented in the history of this or any other republic, ancient or modern! The South is conservative. Amid all these changes the South, in her devotion to her gallant sons, remains unchanged and unchangeable. It may not be otherwise. Her's is an inextinguishable widowhood. True to her convictions in the past, she cannot repudiate them in the future. None the less, at the same time, she is loyal to the restored Union. She is at home again in the temple of her fathers. Pledging her solemn word to peace, within the hour when her armies surrendered to overwhelming numbers, the South has abided by the abatement of the sword. She has never sought since, nor will ever have cause or occasion in the future to seek a severance of the cords binding together our national solidarity. Once again we are united, and hope, indissoluble, is forever forming a grand and glorious democratic republic. Our flag waves from Maine to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The setting lustre of this May's sun glides the uniforms of blue and gray mingling as brothers in the service. Soldiers' graves are hallowed by the memory of their noble deeds. Only the dead are in war and are now torn

and inveterate in peace. "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." We will cherish this anniversary. It is the Easter of a fallen nation. Our children and children's children will perpetuate this lesson of touching ceremonial. During every generation, let us hope, maidens and matrons, young men and old men, will esteem it their high honor and sacred heritage to cover with floral tributes, to warm with their love and freshen with their tears the hallowed ground, on which eternal emblem-ground. The cemeteries are the shrines of the nation. Worthy to have lived and earned our reverence; worthy the fadeless crown which Confederate soldiers won on a hundred fields of glory; worthy the immortal glory which gave themselves life and death for us, for the honor of the South, for the rights of the States, for local self-government, for the principles of the Union as these were handed down to us by the fathers of our common country.

Mr. Landrum now requested Dr. J. J. Williams Jones, the chaplain of the Howitzers, to lead in prayer, and Dr. Jones offered an eloquent petition to the Almighty to solemnize every mind and touch every heart in the vast audience, and he concluded with the blessing of the Holy Spirit.

Next was sung "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day," of which the chorus is:

In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;  
In the sweet by-and-by,  
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Mr. Landrum then pronounced the benediction and the crowd broke up in a happy mood. The veterans and military bands made a nice display. The line was formed at the Army in the following order:

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BASE-BALL YESTERDAY.

The Virginia and the Norfolk Twenty-four to Three in Seven Innings.

The Virginia and the Norfolk met at the Virginia Park yesterday for the first time. Nash and Morgan formed the Virginia's battery, while Cleland and Farmer filled similar position on the Norfolk. The Norfolk were no match for the Virginia. The latter easily scored a victory of twenty-four to three. The game was called at the close of the seventh inning on account of Farmer getting his finger sprained or dislocated. At this point the crowd yelled "Call the game." Below is the detailed score:

VIRGINIA.		NORFOLK.	
Glenn, L. F.	3	4	2
Nash, J. B.	2	2	3
Farmer, C. V.	2	1	4
Johnson, J. B.	2	2	0
Ford, C. B.	2	0	1
Duran, E. B.	2	0	1
Morgan, C. B.	2	0	1
Stratton, C. B.	2	0	1
Totals.	24	9	21

VIRGINIA.		NORFOLK.	
Cleland, P. B.	4	0	0
Henry, J. B.	4	0	0
Farmer, C. V.	3	1	0
Johnson, J. B.	3	1	0
Stratton, C. B.	2	0	0
Cowley, C. B.	2	0	0
Carroll, C. B.	2	0	0
Totals.	24	3	0

VIRGINIA.		NORFOLK.	
Cleland, P. B.	4	0	0
Henry, J. B.	4	0	0
Farmer, C. V.	3	1	0
Johnson, J. B.	3	1	0
Stratton, C. B.	2	0	0
Cowley, C. B.	2	0	0
Carroll, C. B.	2	0	0
Totals.	24	3	0

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Cleland, P. B.	4	0	0
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Farmer, C. V.	3	1	0
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Cowley, C. B.	2	0	0
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Totals.	24	3	0

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Stratton, C. B.	2	0	0
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Stratton, C. B.	2	0	0
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Carroll, C. B.	2	0	0
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Stratton, C. B.	2	0	0
Cowley, C. B.	2	0	0
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VIRGINIA.	
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